

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

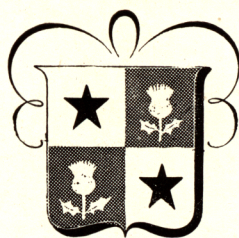
Vol. 20.

FEBRUARY, 1948

No. 12.



THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A  
Good Club Man  
is a credit to his club"**

**He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.**

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*Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!*

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*In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors*

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

**BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS**



# MELBOURNE BID FOR EASTER DOUBLE

Melbourne entries for the Doncaster and Cup to be decided at Randwick at Easter suggest that the big Randwick double could easily be won by representatives from south of the Murray.

NO fewer than 28 nominations were made from Victoria for the Doncaster and 24 for Sydney Cup and these number include the cream of sprinters and stayers from the Southern State.

Already Money Moon has been backed in numerous doubles with Sydney Cup candidates and is on the top line of Doncaster quotes with local horse, Beau Robert.

Visitors to Melbourne for the 1947 Spring Carnival were greatly impressed by Money Moon's galloping ability and his runaway win in the Cantala Stakes was indeed the effort of a class horse. Naturally, he will be one of the heavily-weighted brigade, but racing over the past few years has proved conclusively that our big mile handicaps can be won by good horses irrespective of the weight allotted them.

Other Victorian entries that appear to have reasonable prospects in the Doncaster are Flemish, Hindu Prince, Star Port, Hellenist and Davalomarne.

Of the locals, Beau Robert was the first to come in for sustained backing and, all going well in the interim, should be one of the elects throughout the piece.

Beau Robert is certainly above the average and should have a bright career ahead of him. He has been sparingly raced up to the present and is sure to be in the middle section of the handicaps where he will be receiving a weight advantage from his more famous opponents.

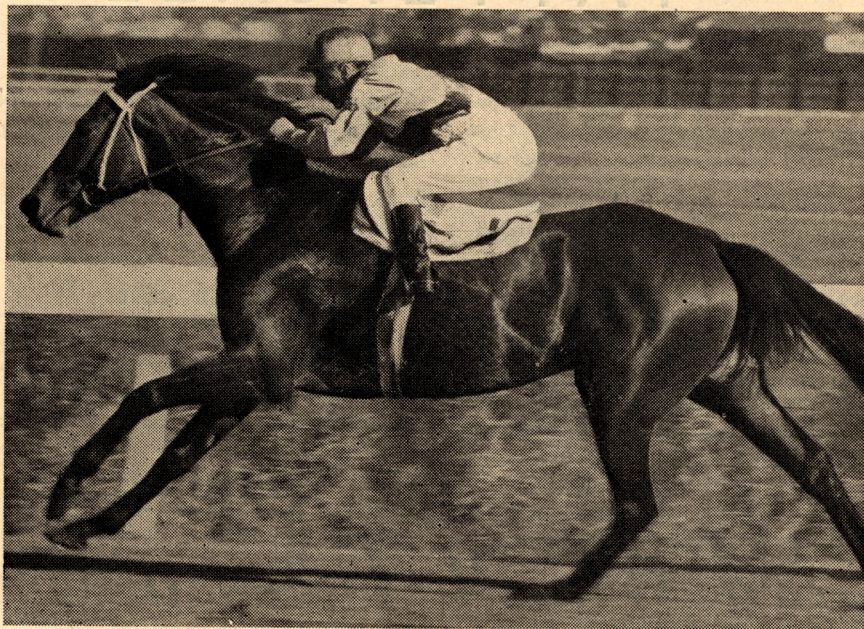
Columnist may be regarded as a doubtful starter as it seems that his racing will be confined to weight-for-age events, but, if plans are changed and he contests the mile, he would probably be one of the most popular candidates.

Valiant Crown is already in work, and had a start in the Challenge Stakes on January 24, but he will be a much fitter colt by the time the Doncaster is ready for decision. He is a Derby winner and will be a worthy representative of the three-year-olds.

Farhad gave a taste of his quality at the last Rosehill meeting and this son of Nizami may develop top form. Mr. Romano has been lucky in his turf investments so far and Farhad may carry on the good work.

since going to Melbourne, but if he does so could be a chance in this or any other race for which he is entered.

Smart Queensland horses that figure in the Cup entries are Blue



*Victory Lad*

Deep Sea, Gay Monarch, Titanic and Victory Lad are other Sydney performers that appear to be up to Doncaster class at the moment, but many others engaged are likely to come into the picture during the next few weeks.

Fresh Boy is the glamour Sydney Cup entrant from Melbourne, and if his connections concentrate on the race he will give them a great run for their money.

This colt was placed in the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups in the spring and is one of the most promising stayers in sight. Only slightly built, he will be suited by the relatively small weight he will receive and the distance of two miles will suit him down to the ground.

Other good stayers from over the border are Lungi, Logical, Sanctus and Amelia.

Lucky Robin has not struck form

Boots and Few Words. Blue Boots has been off the scene for a long time, but is a true stayer and if he comes south he will make his presence felt.

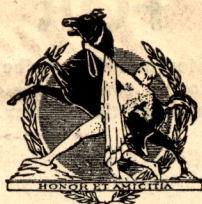
Few Words is racing in Melbourne at present where he is one of the favourites for the Australian Cup. Whether or not he wins that event, he could still be sent across for the local races.

At the moment, Columnist and Proctor are nominal favourites for the Sydney Cup, but, as already stated, the first-mentioned may be looked upon as a doubtful starter.

Proctor won the race last year and is such a sterling stayer that he may easily equal the performance of Veiled Threat and win it again.

However, at the present time, Money Moon and Fresh Boy appears an attractive two-way combination.





Established 14th May, 1858.

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## EDITORIAL

### *Lord Wavell Takes a Crack at Cricket*

FIELD Marshal Viscount Wavell, speaking in London, declared that there was a lack of proportion in cricket Test matches—they lasted too long and were too competitive.

We share in part the Field Marshal's sad reflections. Test matches, as played between England and Australia, too often approach a corruption of cricket. They lack the village-green gaiety that Amarnath and his merry men have drawn upon so prodigally, greatly to our refreshment. Moreover, the games are long-endurance trials; grim struggles, and equally grim spectacles, distinguished by such bellicose terms as "clash," "conflict," "menace." For what? As we read, "an overwhelming victory."

It's all so unutterably dull, as well as alien to the sense of proportion of which Viscount Wavell spoke. Therefore, there are players and patrons among Australians who believe that India's defeats may prove ultimately of higher regenerative value to the game than Australia's victories. For the Indians are eager first to play the game for the joy of playing. They don't fear to lose, while striving to win.

However, Viscount Wavell himself evidenced a singular lack of proportion, against which he had

inveighed, as he went on to justify his claim that "cricket was a waste of time," adding: "Fifty years ago, as a rich and leisured nation, we could afford to play these games."

Surely the Field Marshal doesn't dispute the fact that games are part and parcel of British character. Games have given Britons traits which peoples of some other nations admire, and not a few envy. The Briton's ethical code, his sense of justice, his tolerance, his hatred of oppression, all derive from the code of sportsmanship as practised in cricket, at its best, among other games.

The Battle of Britain was won on the playing fields of Eton, as much as was the Battle of Waterloo; and both battles were won on village greens of old England and the Dominions as much as on the fields of Eton.

Had Germany played cricket as the British play it as a general rule, and played baseball in the spirit of the Americans, the Germany that produced poets, philosophers and scientists would never have accepted, much less suffered, spoilsports such as Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and their gang.

It is not, as Viscount Wavell would seem to insist—Can we afford to go on playing cricket?—but, rather: May we afford to stop playing cricket?



# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

### FEBRUARY.

1st W. T. Wood	11th L. G. Robinson
2nd E. E. Hirst,	13th H. M. Norton,
A. V. Miller	A. J. Matthews,
6th C. O. Chambers,	W. C. Hildebrandt
T. S. Prescott	17th G. S. Smith
8th A. J. M. Kelly	25th H. S. Clissold
9th A. E. Cruttenden	29th J. G. O'Brien

### MARCH.

4th Roy Hendy,	15th E. A. Moore
C.M.G.	17th P. Nolan
H. L. Lambert	18th H. R. Leeder
5th F. J. Carberry	22nd Jack Allen
6th A. A. Ritchie	25th J. Broadbent
V. C. Bear	Mark Whitby
10th A. G. Collins	26th J. A. Roles
11th J. H. E. Nathan	M. Frank Albert
14th G. W. Savage	S. Goldberg

**FRANK MORRIS**, who died at Pymble on January 19, had been a stipendiary steward of the Associated Racing Clubs, and altogether a notable figure. He was a contemporary in the pony days of John Underhill and Frank Hill, and was a lifelong friend of Frank McGrath. Frank Morris was also an authority on horticulture, and was at one time adviser to the A.J.C. on the care of its nurseries.

**PRESENCE** of McLean and Eastes might have meant the difference between victory and defeat in the international games against Wales and France. McLean was not only a tough forward, but a great moral force as leader. Eastes was a match-winner on the wing.

Apparently the difference between the best XV and the second best XV was considerable; so that, everything considered, the Wallabies did really well.

Arnold Tancred, the manager, seems to have struck some difficult situations—apart from the problem of preserving unity among a team of high-spirited young fellows—but, while he spoke frankly and acted courageously, on occasion, he got through with dignity and honour.

**HERE'S** how in N.Z.: Report of Royal Commission on Racing recommended, in effect, that that sport should not be developed to the detriment of football.

## CONGRATULATIONS to Adrian

Quist on his success in the Australian Singles Championship final against John Bromwich. Our popular club member reproduced much of his pre-war brilliance and, according to his opponent, Adrian's overhead shots could only be described as devastating both for speed and placement. As captain of the 1948 Davis Cup team, our players should benefit from his long experience and advice. He appears certain of being selected for the position.

**AMONG** the Randwick regulars who have occupied the same seat, or near the same seat, for many years is Alan Cortis. He came upon Ken Hardie sitting there on a recent occasion and addressed him in a tone of simulated authority: "Move up, young fellow. I've been occupying that seat for 50 years." Alan was a close friend of Ken's father, the late John Hardy.

**LORD** Derby, who died in England recently, won more than 1,000 races, worth £845,000 in stake money. Australian record-holder is the late E. J. Watt, who died in 1942. His horses won nearly £200,000.—Cliff Graves in the "Sunday Telegraph."

**ACCORDING** to unofficial sources, a new simplified income-tax form contains only four lines: 1. What was your income for the year? 2. What were your expenses? 3. How much have you left? 4. Send it in.

### Bowlers Please Note

**IT** has been suggested that a Bowling Club be formed and in order to gauge the support for such a move members belonging to Bowling Clubs are kindly asked to hand in their names to the Secretary.

If sufficient support is forthcoming a meeting of all interested will be convened for the purpose of establishing the club and electing office-bearers.

**CONTROLLERS** of sport in Australia must take stock of rising costs and especially so with regard to visits from overseas combinations. The authorities found the Rugby Union tour of England ran into £40,000, as against £30,000 budgeted—an extremely wide variance. Now the deflation of the French franc is causing Rugby League heads much worry. When negotiations were opened up the estimate was £9,000 for two-way travel costs. Suddenly that has moved up to just on the £17,000 mark.

Same thing is going to apply to our Olympic team and all sports, but the position must be faced. Sports which have been built up to international flavour through the years must not be allowed to pass into the limbo of things forgotten.

**FOURTEEN** years ago Gordon Richards went to Chepstow and rode the winner of all six races.

He won the Clearwell (S) Plate on Brush Past, St. Andrews Plate on Manner, Glanely Stakes on Red Horizon, Castleford Handicap on Delicia, and Severn Plate on Arcona. His 6th winner was Miss B. in the Bulwark (S) Nursery.

Llangibby Plate was decided on the second day that year. Gordon won it on The Covenantor.

**ARNOLD TANCRED** will have to do quite a lot of handshaking when he eventually returns from abroad. As manager of the Wallabies Rugby Union team he got great results from his charges and the style of football played resulted in attracting close on one million spectators in the 34 matches played. As Arnold was sole selector on tour (with power to co-opt) much of the success attained must be given to him.

**WE** regret to record the passing of the following member since last issue.

GUNNING, Dr. A. P.  
City Member.  
Elected 24/2/47.  
Died 4/2/48.



# Remarkable History of Surfing

World-wide amazement has been expressed anent the purely honorary work of Surf Life Savers in Australia. Never was a motto "Vigilance and Service" more faithfully applied. When an individual applies for membership, the road he has to follow is hard. Despite that, applicants are ever increasing and, at September 30, 1947, no less than 63,328 lives had been saved.

**F**OLLOWING the acceptance of his nomination and having passed his still-water test of swimming a distance of at least 400 yards in eight minutes if over 18 years of age, or 250 yards in five minutes if under that age, the applicant is classified as a probationer and immediately drafted into a squad for instruction. Here, under qualified instructors, he is taught reel, line and belt work, release and rescue drill, one-man carry, blanket drill, artificial respiration, flag and whistle signals, physiology, first aid, and general surf life-saving work. He is taught, too, to test surf for dangerous currents, shifting sands, or deep "pot holes" likely to trap the unwary.

On the completion of his training of approximately from six to eight

weeks, he is required to present himself as a member of a squad of six candidates for the Bronze Medallion examination conducted by members of the Association's Examining Board. No member can take part in inter-club contests unless he holds this award. It is then imperative for him to prove his knowledge and ability of all phases covering the instruction and examination and to be able to carry out in detail every position in the squad, namely:—

No. 1: Patient.—Swim a distance of not less than 200 yards in the surf.

No. 2: Beltman.—Swim the same distance as the patient, wearing the standard canvas belt and towing the line attached to the reel.

No. 3: First Linesman.—Supervising the paying-out and hauling-

in of the line, and, later, when the beltman and patient are safely back to the beach, acting as resuscitator.

No. 4: Reelman.

Nos. 5 and 6: Third and Second Linesman.

Immediately after the practical work is completed the candidate is questioned on his knowledge of the Association Handbook, recognised throughout the world as the text book on surf life-saving.

Australia has 11,000 miles of coastline, most of which consists of clean, firm, sandy beach; the pebble, flint, and shale so often found in other lands being unknown here, and we are particularly fortunate in that all our capital cities are within easy access of first-class bathing beaches. Certainly, Melbourne and Adelaide have to be content with "still" beaches, Melbourne having been located at the head of Port Phillip Bay, fifty miles from its outlet to the sea, and Adelaide on a gulf. Even so, each has wealth of glorious beach, and is within reasonable distance of the open ocean.

Brisbane, too, is situated on the Brisbane River, but has splendid surf beaches within easy train or motor journey.

Sydney, on the other hand, is situated on the east coast, with its eastern suburbs lining a dozen or more of the really great surfing beaches of the world. And in every State, with the possible exception of Tasmania, the climate is such that surf-bathing can be, and is, more or less indulged in the whole year round.

For about nine months of the year the sport is general, but there are many who surf right through the winter, which is not severe. So general is the sport in season, that an overseas' visitor recently facetiously quoted the manufacture of



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swimming costumes as one of our staple industries.

Thirty or forty years ago surfing did not exist in Australia. The human form, as a spectacle, had not been thrown open for public inspection. Scattered groups of unpleasing shapes apparently, executed in lard, might have been seen along the seashore rinsing themselves out in the summer moonlight of last century. But during the day thousands of miles of open beach water was reserved for children's paddling. If the adult were compelled to bathe

fathers of surfing. Rare and faded photographs of those lost souls who dared to face a camera in the sun on some desolate coast, show them to be creatures of knees and elbows—pallid nocturnal growths of singularly unattractive colour and design. "Where are these creatures to-day?" you are curious to know or you are not. The answer is, "They are almost extinct. They have passed into oblivion with the Mastodon, the Dodo, and the Great Auk." Zoologically, this species might be regarded as having belonged to the

Gocher entered the Pacific punctually at mid-day. Having finished his ablutions, he regained the dry sand, amid cheers and wonderment.

He was taken to court, but the case was dismissed. On that day was born the surfer as we know the genus. He was still in the rough. His antics in the water, of course, were still confined to a cautious vertical motion, but sunlight had come into the picture.

To one, a Mr. Tanna, a South Sea Islander, must be given the credit of introducing surf-shooting



*Manly Beach on Carnival Day.*

in the sun there were specially enclosed areas for that purpose.

At night, of course, things were different. After sundown when the digestion of the evening meal had been duly calculated, perspiring families wound their ways to the beach and entered the water in detached groups such as decency and the law dictated. Mixed bathing had not been heard of. Even that grew in the dark.

Those who can remember the costumes worn by both the sexes in that era of darkness and shame, cannot help but feel grateful on aesthetic grounds to the law of those rays. Besides the hideous apparel that passed as the orthodox water garment, pyjamas, high-necked night-dresses, and flannel underclothing took their places as fashionable water frocking, and must have been responsible for dragging down, under cover of darkness, a large percentage of our early fore-

order primate inhabiting the Pacific coast of Australia in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. They were known to infest the sandy shallows of the coast at nightfall, were light in colour, were valuable as bait, but rarely entered the water more than a few feet, and never in daylight.

Among the administrators of the death-blow delivered at the furtive bather was Mr. W. H. Gocher, who some years ago conducted a paper at Manly. He was an enthusiastic swimmer, and reluctantly emerged from the waves each morning at the sound of the bell. With the idea of testing the law, he inserted a proclamation in his paper that he would enter the surf at noon on the following Sunday.

The audacity of an act, which not only challenged the law, but profaned the Sabbath, attracted some attention. Before a tremendous but not unappreciative audience, Mr.

to Australia. In the presence of a crowd of bathers, who were busily engaged in rising and subsiding in Manly waters, the body of Mr. Tanna, which had last been noticed some distance out to sea, shot past in horizontal flight on the crest of a wave and landed high on the beach. The feat was regarded as a miracle by onlookers, who demanded repetitions throughout the remainder of the day. The art was subsequently acquired by Mr. Fred Williams, who passed on his learning to others.

New South Wales, above all other States, is the home of surf-bathing. The population is fairly thick along the whole of the coast, with the result that the beaches from Tweed Heads to Twofold Bay are all popular resorts. With the continued increase in popularity of the sport, old suburbs have grown in magnitude, new townships have sprung up, and there is a concentrated movement, as summer advances, to-



ward the sea. Recognising the value of encouraging the popular demand, municipal councils endeavoured to meet it by providing dressing accommodation for both sexes, sun-bathing areas, life-saving attendants and clubroom accommodation. The question became such a big one, however, that it was found that few councils could, out of their funds, meet the urgent demand for this accommodation.

The Government then stepped into the breach, a Commission was appointed to investigate the whole matter of surf life saving, and to submit recommendations for dealing with them. Exhaustive inquiries were made, and in the end the report presented and accepted by the Government provided for the erection of dressing accommodation on all those metropolitan beaches where the demand was most pressing, as well as the erection of clubrooms for surf life saving clubs. Thousands of pounds were advanced by the Government to erect these structures, without interest, repayable in ten years. The accommodation became revenue-producing as soon as finished.

There is little or no danger to the surf bather, provided ordinary care is taken in the selection of a spot in which to bathe, or in not going too far out to sea.

At times and places there is real danger from undertow or cross currents; but rarely does this exist, except in isolated areas. It became evident that organised effort was necessary to afford a measure of protection to inexperienced bathers, many of whom could not swim. So sprang into being the Surf Life Saving Clubs, which have grown and developed into one of the greatest voluntary organisations in the world.

In 1907 came the first attempt to form volunteer surf life saving clubs, comprised of those who gave their time and money for the privilege of serving those in danger. No organisation in existence at the time would accept responsibility for such work, so it was decided to form what was then called the Surf Bathing Association of New South Wales, and on this foundation a lasting work of immense national value has been established.

The association consists of a number of clubs, of which only one

is allowed to operate in a particular area.

When admitted to full active membership they take up patrol work; that is to say, the club insists on its members safeguarding bathers on Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and holidays.

For this purpose, the membership is divided into patrols, of four to six, who work to a roster, relieving one another like soldiers at the expiration of their shifts. This means that, in the summer season, they give up practically the whole of their spare time to the interests of their work.

Clubs keep their members fit by meeting one another in carnivals, which attract thousands of interested spectators. There are wonderful exhibitions of swimming, life saving, shooting the breakers with or without the board, and in the surf boats, as well as fun on the beach in other athletic events. The only return members get from their local authorities is the free use of such clubroom accommodation as they may erect. Very often the clubs contribute largely themselves to their erection. It would be hard to imagine



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an organisation with more unselfish motives.

Over one hundred such clubs exist in New South Wales alone, and in fewer number in other States.

The membership approximates 6,000, the majority of whom are all active (medallist) surf life savers. These clubs are now organised into what is now known as the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia. Its headquarters are in Sydney, and it has district or branch associations in the northern and southern portions of the coastal area and in other States.

The association is controlled by officers and delegates, all of whom are members of a club. All service is free. Its operations never cease. It meets throughout the year, and so enthusiastic are its officers that several of them have held their positions for as long as from ten to twelve consecutive years. The Government, municipal, and shire councils recognise the association, and look to it always for the most expert advice and assistance on all matters appertaining to surf bathing, surf life saving or beach control. Recently it was desired to extend its educational work further afield, and the Government of New South Wales voted a substantial subsidy to enable this to be done.

During the height of the past

season it is estimated that the clubs operating on the various beaches rescued fully 1,500 persons from drowning, and most of these were effected with such speed that the patients suffered no ill-effects, but in others resuscitation methods had to be resorted to before bringing the patients round. The club members are all qualified to use the Schafer methods of resuscitation, and many of them are first-aid men.

In August, 1911, Mr. Paterson, who was then the officer in charge of the Immigration and Tourist Bureau of Sydney, was, by his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, appointed a member of a committee to inquire into the whole question of accommodation at various beaches in the metropolitan area for surf bathing, etc. The report drawn up by that committee had a far-reaching effect. The Government spent many thousands of pounds sterling in improving the beaches.

It is impossible almost to form an adequate estimate of the value of the work of the Australian life savers. It is probable that not less than 1,500 persons are rescued from the surf by the various members of the clubs in a season. It can only be compared with the wonderful lifeboat service of the British coast, founded by Cecil Rhodes.

## Men Are Like That

A MAN likes things to go on as they are. Any woman who wants to can keep him contented, for example, by giving him the same thing for breakfast 365 days in the year. A woman I know, who realised this, decided to try an experiment on her husband. He was very fond of cream of corn soup, so she served it at dinner every night for a month. Her husband ate the soup with relish. At the close of the month, feeling that she couldn't possibly down another bowl of it, experiment or no, she served tomato soup.

"You know, dear," said her husband, "I think we ought to have cream of corn soup occasionally. It's the best soup I ever tasted."

Our small daughter had been ill for ten days and I had been up every night. Finally I issued an ultimatum to my husband: "You'll have to answer her calls tonight. I'm all in."

During the night I was awakened by a feverish little voice calling, "Ma-ma, I want a drink of water." Hurriedly I poked my sleeping husband and reminded him of his duty. Without a word he threw back the covers, climbed out of bed, went to the bathroom and proceeded to drink the water himself. Then he put away the glass, came back to bed and went right off to sleep.—"Readers' Digest."



*An every Summer Day scene on South Steyne Beach*



# ALONG THE AFRICAN WEST COAST

By a Member of Tattersall's Club Staff when in the R.A.A.F. and attached to the R.A.F.

THE war, amongst other things, revived for many of us our knowledge of geography, and to others the red spots which are splashed on the flat mercators chart of the world, became more real than ever.

After a few months of sea patrols in the frigid north, between Scotland and the Faroes, word was flashed to the writer's ears that our crew was posted to Africa, and would be flying their own boat to their new squadron. There was an immediate conference, and possible destinations were discussed as the new base would not be released for security reasons, until we were winging our way across the Bay of Biscay.

Our base was reached without anything of note happening except some bad weather.

The Gambier River was to be our home base for the next twelve months, yet we soon learned our territory ranged from the French Sahara to the equator, and in this strange corner of the globe we encountered many types of people.

One met the Arab in the north, the scheming West African of the Gambier and Sierra Leone, and the semi-westernised Nigerian at the Equator.

First thing which surprises the newcomer to these parts is the extremely heavy loads that these people can carry on their heads, when their bodies, nourished only on peanuts, yams and dried fish, seem too meagre to handle half as much as they attempt.

The womenfolk set eyes agog as they stroll along the roadways looking about them whilst on their heads is perched a bottle perhaps half

full of kerosene. You can gasp and worry about it falling, but it is all so unnecessary, because a child of six or seven soon accomplishes this feat.

The womenfolk in these areas do a great deal of the toil, and for this reason they carry the babes on their backs, so as not to hinder them in their daily tasks.

It is of interest to mention that with the invasion of service personnel the babies' first words spoken were not the usual endearing call for its parents, but rather more after the strain "Gimme penny Master."

Not unlike the womenfolk of the West, they make every effort to come within the sphere of the

beautiful women in their district, and where means will permit they dress in fine materials, but with colours that are far too gaudy for western ideas.

Their jewellery of no mean value is usually silver or gold filigree work in the form of bracelets, necklaces and artistic earrings. Their hair does not grow to any great length, so they augment it by adding raw cotton which has been dyed a jet black. The hair styles are the result of hours of toil and patience, and command the attention of newcomers.

There is a phrase "Only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun," and the native peoples



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of West Africa never break this rule.

By the roadside under palms, in shaded spots, men and women stretch out for their midday nap, and not even the persistence of the flies can make them stir.

They carry with them a rough bamboo mat on which to recline, and in many instances this is their bed at night.

In Lagos on a really humid tropical evening, in the back streets hundreds will be found sleeping on bamboo mats in the streets, having vacated their crude bamboo and cement homes for more air.

At the close of the day, everywhere the men can be seen facing towards the dying sun paying their respects to their master and prophet Mahomet.

Outside their religious beliefs the lives of these people are filled with superstition.

On every limb of their bodies, round their necks, and around the body itself will be seen countless *ju jus*. These are sacred charms, some of which carry within a copy of the Koran, and just outside Bathurst, in the Colony of Gambia, there is a snake, a figment of the natives' imagination, which is known as "Ninki Nanka."

Belief is that if the snake should see a person that person will die if he cannot show it a reflection of itself whether by inducing it to go to the water's edge or by using a mirror.

The word "Ninki Nanka" will bring a native from a deep sleep to a state of fear and trembling.

On one occasion a native who had joined the West African Air Corps as an orderly, was returning to his camp one afternoon when his bare foot came to rest on a small stick just as a whirlwind stirred a small puff of dust in front of his toes.

Firmly believing it was "Ninki Nanka" he went into a violent fit and began to prepare to die."

For days nothing could induce him to indulge in the nicest food and for safety he was strapped to his bed in the native wing of an R.A.F. hospital. Witch doctors and medical practitioners of his own race attended him all without avail.

In the officers' mess one afternoon as a game of push-halfpenny was in progress, a young R.A.F. doctor worked out a method of attack.



*At the Races.*

He went back to the hospital and firmly convinced that peculiar patient that if he would shut his eyes and swallowed two little pills, all the evil spirits would leave his body, and that he would know that they had left when the surplus water from his body changed to green.

He showed him a bottle of evil spirits specially concocted for the occasion with a tight cork tied on with a piece of string, just as one does when making a home brew of ginger beer.

It worked!

Twenty-four hours later the native boy was eating again and happy to know he would live.

#### **Promise at All Games.**

One wonders if these dark people were subjected to a special diet and put under training whether they would not produce some brilliant athletes.

In games played against the service teams of soccer football, the latter having English county representatives, the native team proved formidable opponents although they had never had the opportunity to learn the best technique.

The enlarged scheme of education is beginning to incorporate the more important sports, and the results are an advantage to the individual and the community spirit.

Perhaps one event of the year which brought the few Australians who had been drafted to this corner of the globe nearer to their homes, was a race meeting organised by some English Army officers.

A course was laid down and the news was broadcast months in advance in the hope that some Arabs would be attracted so as to augment the seven specimens in the colony which, for want of a more appropriate name, were known as horses.

A tent was erected for a picnic luncheon, and nearly all of the fifty-three white women in the colony, including nursing sisters, were present to aid in the preparation of afternoon tea.

A doctor from the military hospital had gone on to a peanut diet to reduce his weight so that he could win back the purchase price of the horse he had acquired for the occasion.

High-ranking army officers acted as starters and stewards on a course not nearly so large as Randwick, as the stamina of the horses would never acquire it.

A couple of enterprising N.C.O.'s soon opened books, and they did brisk business.

The two best horses present were ridden in from the desert by Moors.

They were in fair condition, grey in colour, but carried too much weight to even achieve anything on that course. Their saddles would almost have counterbalanced Darby Munro with all their silver mountings, and ornaments, and the riders themselves were real men in physique. It was, however, a really good day, because everyone in the colony met everyone else.



# EUROPE AND ITS FOOD SITUATION

In an endeavour to educate its readers on the real food situation in Europe, the "News Chronicle" (Eng.) printed the views of famous economist Lord Layton on the subject. These, in condensed form, are reproduced below. Shorn of all political significance they, at least, give one authoritative pen-picture of the position to-day. Here are some facts on, not just England's crisis, but the world's.

**B**EFORE the war Europe west of Russia produced far more bread cereals—wheat and rye—than any other continent.

But large though this production was, it was not quite sufficient for her 403 million people; so Britain, and to a less extent Germany and some other countries, imported substantial quantities of wheat from overseas.

Europe, however, normally grew some 80 per cent. of her bread cereal requirements. The fact that in the 1930's both France and Italy each grew more wheat than Canada helps to give a sense of proportion to the pre-war picture.

This year Europe will grow only half of her pre-war consumption.

This is an alarming situation.

It is, moreover, particularly disturbing that production is materially worse than a year ago. The follow-

ing figures show the effects of a desperate winter followed by prolonged drought:

## Wheat and rye production in Europe

	Million tons
Average 1934/38 .....	66.9
1945 .....	37.5
1946 .....	47.8
1947 .....	41.2

The set back is general.

Several of the smaller countries, such as Sweden, Holland and Belgium, have been very hardly hit, while the wheat crop of Denmark has been an almost total failure.

Of the larger producers France is in a desperate plight, with an estimated harvest of 3.6 million tons, compared with an average of 8.2 million tons before the war, 4.3 millions in 1945 and 6.6 millions in 1946. Little wonder that there are bread riots in France.

## The Deficit

What hope is there that this immense European deficit can be made good?

During and since the war American farmers have done a wonderful job. The wheat crop of the U.S.A., for example, will this year be some 38 million tons compared with an average of 21½ million tons in 1934-38. It is the barest truth to say that the increase in America's agricultural production in recent years has saved Western Europe from disaster.

But the European deficit is so big that if the U.S. were to send to Europe every bushel that she grows it would barely suffice to fill the gap.

Nor can we look for help elsewhere; for in other wheat-growing countries outside Europe this year's harvests are not only less than before the war, but smaller than a year ago. Russia alone reports that she has a little more in hand and has promised aid to Poland and Czechoslovakia.

All over the world producers of food are at work trying slowly to make good the ravages of war. The picture is not all black and in a number of ways some progress is being made.

But recovery is heavily handicapped. The effect of the war in the Far East and continued political troubles in areas such as India, China and Indonesia is that many countries will still be drawing from the pool of supplies instead of contributing to it. In many countries cattle will be slaughtered and herds reduced for lack of feeding stuffs. We are still very short of oils and fats.

The trouble is general; but Europe has two special handicaps of her own. One is that her economy, which is based on the exchange of the agricultural surplus of Eastern Europe for the industrial surplus of the West, has been thrown out of balance by the political cleavage of the Continent.

The other is that her shattered industry is not yet able to provide the things that are needed to revivify and assist the output of agriculture.

## Transport

It is the same story with transport. When the war ended Europe's waterways were practically out of use and will not be in full working order until 1951. Only 25 per cent. of the Continent's railway lines and rolling stock could be used. Thirteen thousand road bridges had been destroyed.

By prodigious efforts the road and rail systems have been practically made good—except in Greece and Italy.

But the permanent way and equipment are worn out. The experts estimate that by 1951 25 per cent. of the permanent way must be renewed and a similar proportion of rolling stock replaced.

Even if things go well there will still be a deficiency of 100,000 wagons four years hence, while of the permanent way the experts say that "the European forests have been excessively thinned and can only supply 60 per cent. of the 50 million sleepers that will be wanted."

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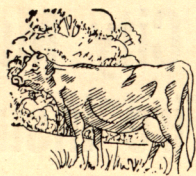
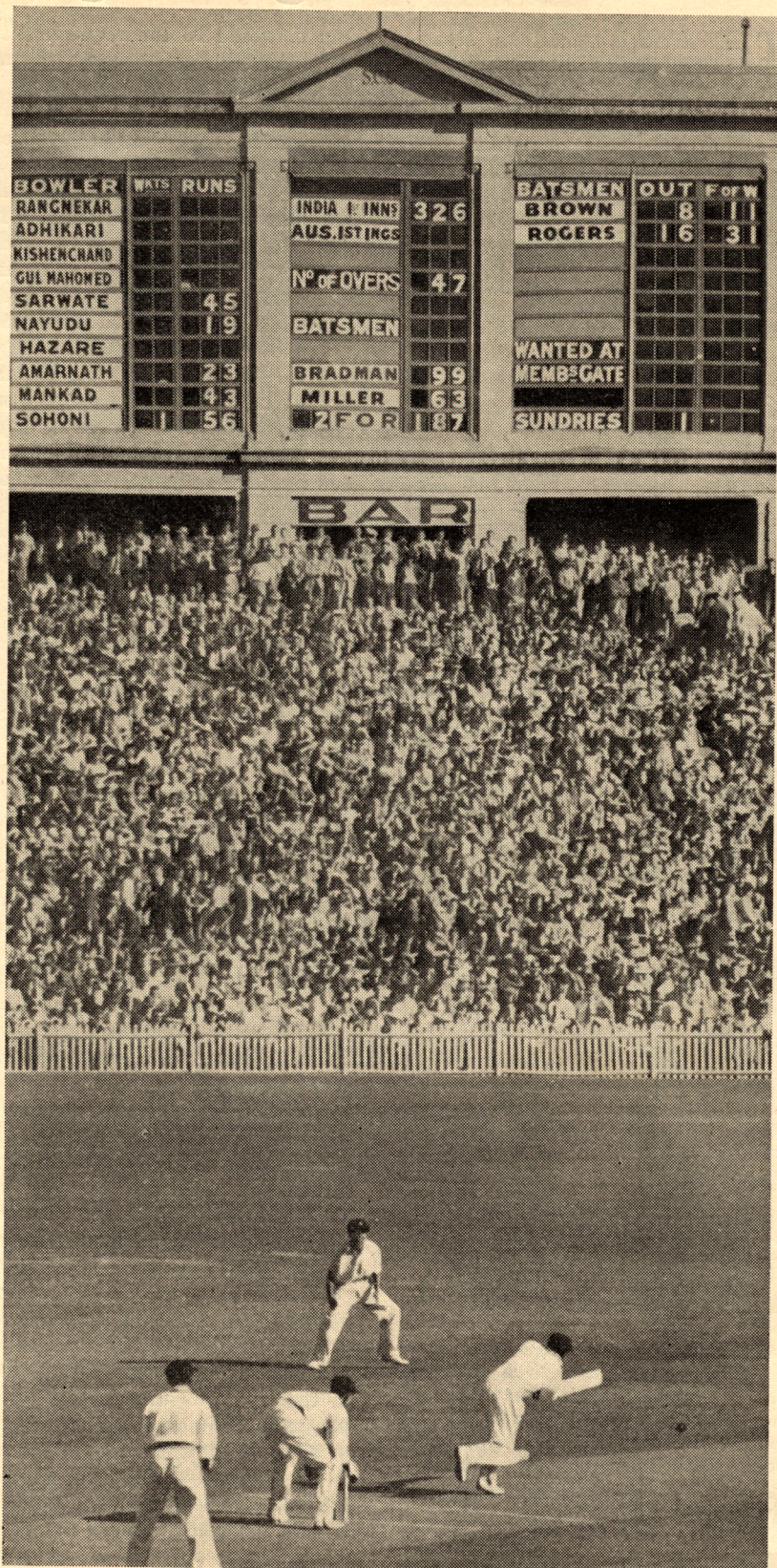


# Bradman makes Cricket History

**D**ON BRADMAN is the first Australian batsman ever to complete 100 centuries in first-class cricket. He achieved the final score in this great feat in the match Australia v. India, played November, 1947, on Sydney Cricket Ground. The picture, which is reproduced by courtesy of Truth and Sportsman Ltd. shows the champion pushing a ball past mid-on to score the coveted century.

The interest in Bradman's performance can best be judged by the attendance in front of the scoreboard. There were 40,000 present.

Bradman will captain the Australian XI. on its tour of England this year, but intends to then retire from all grades of cricket. He is an expert tennis player, a several times golf championship winner, State handball champion, first-class pianist and successful business man.



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## Those Glittering Things

"THE average American stenographer," says J. Willard Hershey in "The Book of Diamonds," "wears a finer diamond in her engagement ring than any possessed by the bejewelled royal ladies of Henry VIII's court. This is because the method of cutting them has improved enormously," writes Delos Avery in the "Chicago Sunday Tribune."

Hershey knows diamonds as few men do. He knows not only the history of all the famous diamonds of the world that **have** histories, but also the legends concerning the others. And he is one of the few who have successfully **made** diamonds in the laboratory. Do you know that story?

It begins with the fact, long known, that pure carbon and pure diamond are chemically identical. Diamond is carbon—in crystal form. So the problem was to start with carbon and produce the crystal. Heat and pressure, it was pre-

sumed, would be the requirements—but both the heat and the pressure must be tremendous.

Hershey, head of the chemical department at McPherson College in Kansas, chose the brightest of his students to assist him, and their first task was to produce an electric furnace of an efficiency never before known. Temperatures ranging from 3,000 to 4,000 degrees Centigrade were called for. A furnace was made and the required temperature was reached—but it melted the furnace.

"The next five years were spent," writes Hershey, "in gathering equipment and information. At last a man was found in Chicago who was confident he could build a furnace of the required type. Special steels were generously contributed by steel companies and after a great deal of work and research the furnace was completed—a simple affair no larger than a two gallon pail."

On June 7, 1929, Hershey was ready. He had a special transformer and a heavy power line installed to carry the necessary electric current; and he has crucibles and electrodes made of pure synthetic graphite.

Into such a crucible he put a mixture of pure iron filings and pure sugar carbon, equal parts by volume—and turned on the heat. In one hour and seven minutes the moment came for the application of pressure.

This was theoretically simple; iron expands with heat, contracts with cooling. The cooling was accomplished by plunging the crucible into a freezing mixture.

"As the white hot molten iron turned to a red solid," says Hershey, "it expanded. As it cooled from a red solid to room temperature, it contracted. Thus the outside surface of the iron, which cools more rapidly than the inside of the mass, contracted while the inside still expanded. The carbon which dissolved in the iron was thus subjected to a pressure estimated at 180,000 lbs., or 90 tons, per square inch."

Theoretically that is the way nature herself originally made diamonds, using the planet as a crucible. Theoretically man, if he had such a crucible, could make diamonds as big

and as perfect as the Cullinan, the biggest ever found.

Not having a white hot planet at his disposal, Hershey did the best he could with his little furnace. Having cooled his little mass of hardened iron and carbon, he treated the shapeless nugget with aqua regia for 300 hours to dissolve away the iron.

This done, the residue of carbon and graphite, says Hershey, "was digested as much as possible in various acid solutions. The search for diamonds was then begun in the black carbon dust. . . . Two stones were found which after being tested were found to be pure transparent diamonds, of the finest quality. These diamonds, although quite small, were the largest synthetic diamonds on record."

Since then the experiments have continued, with many variations and with varying results. More than 50 diamonds have been produced in the McPherson laboratory, but the largest weighed only one-thirtieth of a carat. So nature—for the present—need fear no serious competition. Having a superior crucible, she makes her diamonds bigger, better and more easily. Also cheaper.



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# OLYMPIC ASPIRANTS AT CLUB

So that the directors of the Citizens' Olympic Games, 1948, Fund might entertain guests and stage exhibition swims by Olympic aspirants, the Club Swimming Pool was made available by the Chairman (Mr. S. E. Chatterton) and the committee.

ACKNOWLEDGING this sporting gesture, the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Ald. Bartley), who is chairman of the Citizens' Olympic Games 1948 Fund, described Tattersall's Club as a wonderful organisation, ever ready to lend its co-operation when the appeal and the cause warranted it.

The Chairman (Mr. Chatterton) said that Tattersall's Club had been always prepared, and would be always prepared, to support any true type of sport as being of benefit to the moral and physical welfare of the nation.

"So," the chairman added, "we feel that our Olympic team should go away well and truly equipped, for its personnel can bring to Australia credit, not only by their showing in the sporting fields, but in the role of ambassadors of goodwill. The team should be able to give our country the right publicity overseas—an essential requirement."

The Chairman welcomed the visitors, including the Lord Mayor, and added that the club was not making an appeal for funds for the Olympic team, but had readily agreed to a suggestion to provide facilities for exhibition swims by those considered to be in line for Olympic selection, and at the same time extend hospitality to the chairman and the committee of the Citizens' Olympic Games 1948 Fund as well as the guests of that organisation.

The Lord Mayor said: To you, Mr. Chairman, and to your committee, I express my deep sense of appreciation for your kindly co-operation on this occasion, and in this good cause. Not only on this occasion, on many other occasions, when the appeal and the cause have warranted it, Tattersall's Club has done its part, and we who are your guests to-day acknowledge that yours is a wonderful organisation.

"When I was in England, I discussed the Olympic Games with two British Cabinet Ministers. They were keen on holding the Games because of the stimulating effect the occasion would have on the British people. Those Ministers desired that the people should think in terms of



*Herbert McKenley, of Jamaica, who came to Australia to boost interest in athletics. His Sydney and Melbourne appearances attracted £6,000 in "gates." He is the world's champion sprinter, but was beaten in Australia by John Treloar (100 metres) and John Bartram (400 metres). Lack of proper condition ruined his chances, but he is one of the best and most popular sportsmen ever to visit this country.*

peacetime accomplishment and feel that their country was on the upgrade again after its long term of trial."

Mr. Harry Alderson, chairman of the Australian Olympic Federation, said that Britain was attempting, through the Olympic Games, to educate the peoples of some other nations to the British outlook in sport.

Professor Cotton spoke of the advantage of having had available the pool at Tattersall's Club in wintertime in measures taken to train swimmers scientifically.

Donations to the Fund were made by: Tooth & Coy. (per Mr. Tom Watson), £200; Hackett & Williams (per Mr. Ken Williams), £200; Tattersall's Club, £200; Mr. A. Norton, £105; Mr. O. D. A. Oberg, £100; Mr. W. E. Field, £100; Mr. Frank McDowell, £100; Mr. W. A. McDonald, £100; Mr. Tom Murray, M.L.C. (for motion picture industry), £100; Mr. W. J. Payne, £100; Mr. A. C. Shaw, £50; Mr. Hans Robertson, £25; Mr. Dan Carroll, £26/5/-; Mr. E. W. Abbott, £25; Mr. Roseoe L. Ball, £25. Total, £1,456/5/-.



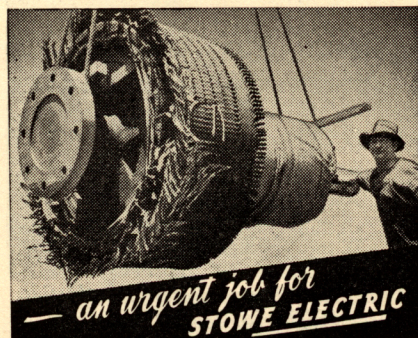
# "Sports" Who Don't Play the Game

"Sunday Mirror" (U.S.A.) surveys crowds who watch others perform and pick out their peculiarities. Boxing audiences are declared "the most partisan, the most unreasonable, the least sporting, the loudest and the most cynical."

CROWDS at sports events have personalities as distinct and as colourful as those of the sports stars themselves. Their behaviour runs the gamut from the uninhibited lunacy of a wrestling crowd to the polite fridity of a well-bred tennis gallery. The veteran sports writer, bored from looking at the same contest of strength and skill year after year, soon enough becomes a student of sporting crowds, and finds new interest in the old job.

Most typically American is the throng that attends the most typically American game—baseball. A baseball crowd is intensely partisan and speaks its mind as free men should, but is quick to applaud a clever play by the opposition. It is gay, witty, volatile, moody, angry, happy, sad and disdainful by turn; but it is never repressed. It wears its emotions on its sleeve.

Boxing audiences are the most



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partisan, the most unreasonable, the least sporting, the loudest and the most cynical. They will applaud as fine sportsmanship the act of a boxer who shake hands with an opponent after being warned for deliberately thumbing him in the eye. Most of them barrack the way they bet, which can bring about some unfair reactions to a fair decision.

Boxing fans have hooted fighters they accused of "taking a dive" and repented their hasty action a few days later, at the poor fellow's funeral. On the other hand, they have gone into ecstasies over transparent frauds enacted before their eyes. Next to wrestling devotees they are easiest to fool and the first to forget.

A golf gallery keeps its emotions well under control, applauding only after the players have finished their strokes and maintaining silence at other times. Only a golfer, be he duffer or tournament player, will follow another golfer around the links in a match. Because he himself knows how distracting noise of any kind can be to a player trying to keep his eye on the ball and hit it on the proboscis, he is considerate of others.

Tennis players are the most temperamental where noise is concerned. Large Bill Tilden became a rather accomplished actor by emoting on the tennis courts over distracting influences. The noise of a typewriter clicking in the press marquee during a game would drive the poor fellow nigh unto despair. I shall never forget the afternoon Mr. Timpson, of the Christian Science Monitor, thinking he was safely outside Tilden's sound range, sneaked a burp. It was one of those gurgling burps that had neither malice aforethought nor even the faintest suggestion of vulgarity about it.

If ever there was a well bred Harvard burp this was it. But Mr. Timpson knew there was Old Ned to pay the moment he clapped a guilty hand over his mouth. Tilden



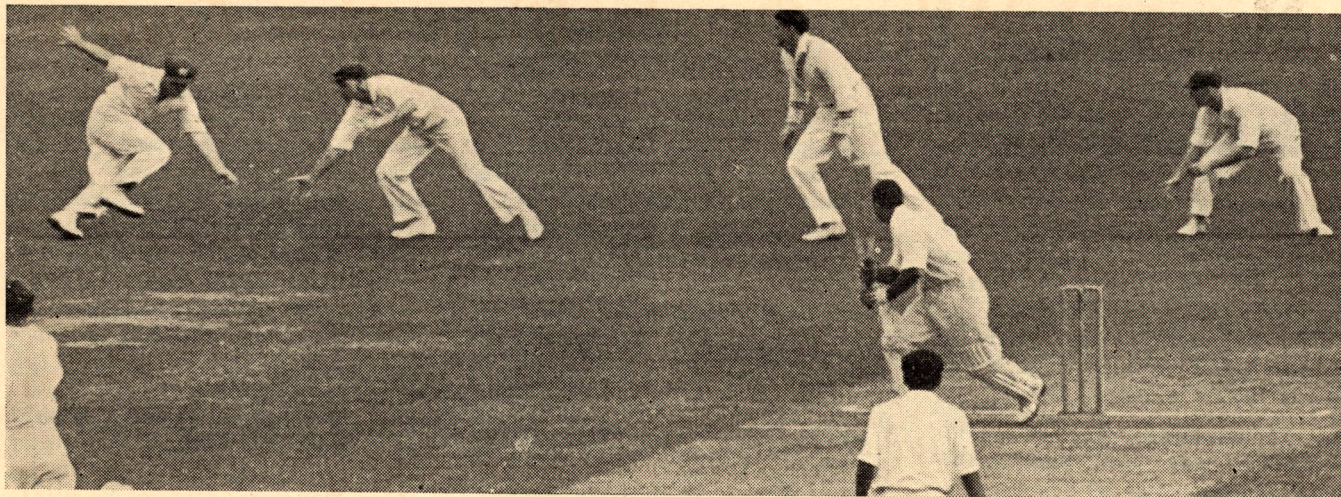
dropped his arms by his sides, heaved a tortured sigh and gave a despairing look heavenward. Then for about 30 precious seconds he stood there motionless, as if to say: "Come, come, my man, have we had enough of his, or must I walk off the court?"

A crisis was probably averted when another expert came to the end of a line, causing the bell of his typewriter to ring. Thinking it was Round 2, Tilden thereupon resumed the match.

Race track crowds are like a volcano. For periods of a half hour at a time they are almost silent as they brood over losses or concentrate on the "figures". Then, during the minute or two that the race is being run off, they work themselves slowly to an explosive pitch of excitement as the horses come down the homestretch. Having reached a quick crescendo, this hubbub settles down quickly.

But for the supreme thrill in sports' crowds give me an Irish hurling match, when the fight breaks out and the mounted police come charging onto the field. Until you've seen one of these glorious shindigs, brethren and sisters, you've never been to a real sporting event!





*The visiting Indian Cricketers are about to leave Australia. They did not win a Test, but throughout tour gave bright displays and were decidedly popular. Picture shows Vinoo Mankad, centurian of the Fifth Test playing a ball between Moroney and Johnston in the game against N.S.W.*

## JOE DAVIS WRITES

**Former undefeated world's snooker champion, Joe Davis, who lived and practised in our club during his Australian visit, adds his quota anent the new Leicester Square championship venue.**

**A** NEW season of billiards and snooker—and one which bids fair to provide many interesting matches—was launched with the “house warming” of the renovated Leicester Square Hall, London.

Famous for many years as Thurston's, and the venue of many historic games, this compact hall has been modernised and provides an admirable setting for the game.

In the centre is the table which belonged to the late Tom Newman, where it will be a permanent memorial to this great player.

Appropriately enough the first stroke on the table was made by Tom's daughter, Mary.

Leading stars of the profession, both male and female, displayed their prowess on the table, and these included Walter Donaldson, Alec Brown, Sidney Smith, Sydney Lee, Herbert Holt and those up and coming youngsters, John Barrie and John Pulman.

The ladies were well represented, too, with Thelma Carpenter, Ruth Harrison and Barbara Meston. Joyce Gardner was an admirable and charming comper.

The Duke of Roxburghe, president of the Billiards Players' Association, welcomed the guests, who included

many stars of sports and the stage.

Among these were Mr. Stanley Rous, president of the Football Association, Jack Hylton, Freddie Mills, Tommy Lawton (Chelsea), Ronnie Rooke (Arsenal), Valerie Hobson and Lind Joyce.

Another notable personality was 93-year-old W. J. Peall, the old spot-stroke champion, who made a long journey in order not to miss this occasion.

The real business of the season starts at this hall when I tackle Sidney Smith.

I played Walter Donaldson a two-days' match last week and can

vouch for the fact that he is in deadly form. He pots with great accuracy and that cool leisurely style of his will take a lot of breaking down.

Many players who watch Donaldson go away vowing to copy his square “two-eyed” stance but the chief merits or his style are the closeness to his body of both arms and the quiet, slow, easy-looking rythm of his action.

Brother Fred has been touring the country and will continue to tour.

He is naturally playing on all sorts of tables—fast, slow, big pockets and small.

## New Billiards Headquarters

**L**EICESTER SQUARE HALL, which has replaced Thurston's (bombed out during the war) is now in full swing. The sight of the world's leading snooker and billiards players operating recalls many famous battles and incidents of yesteryear.

There was the notable night when Alec Brown found the cue-ball in the middle of a cluster playable only with the 12 ft. rest. To the astonishment of his opponent, Tom Newman, and everyone else, Alec took out a 4-in. cue from his pocket, chalked it and made his shot.

For a stunned moment spectators thought he had used a fountain pen. But the referee, Charles Chambers, penalised him seven points. It turned out that no one had ever defined the measurements of a cue, but the Billiards Association went into a huddle and decreed that cues must not be shorter than 3 ft. in future.

The “shaggy dog” story about the round billiard table must have been inspired by Gilbert and Sullivan's famous lyric:

On a cloth untrue  
With a twisted cue  
And elliptical billiard balls.

However, Mr. Bissett, Secretary, Billiards and Control Council, turned up an entry in his ledgers about a Chinese table sold to the Earl of Chester which was circular (10 ft. in diameter) and had six pockets.



# WAKE UP TO YOURSELF

**H**OW do you start your day? Do you whip out of bed, sing in the shower, enjoy a good breakfast, get to work on time and clear the main part of the job before lunch-time? Or do you take the first half of the day at a crawl, lying in bed after the alarm has gone, eating little or nothing for breakfast, and arriving late for work? Whichever path you follow, there's a reason for it.

A young Californian, Dr. Kent Zimmerman, has been studying the habits of people, and he has come to the conclusion that each individual has a definite pattern of daily energy distribution which shows up early in life and remains more or less unaltered.

This pattern shows out in the way people behave at different times during the day. While one is tearing around doing his best work in the morning, another takes hours to get under way, and does his best work in the afternoon or at night.



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These pattern vary among individuals, but, in general, Dr. Zimmerman has found that people fall into two main groups—A and B. The A's wake up quickly, feel no need to lie in bed for a while before facing the day. They sing in the shower. Their minds are keenest during the morning hours, and it is then that they are best able to plan and accomplish things, and deal with people.

They usually lunch early, but as the afternoon wears on they slow down and have to drive themselves to concentrate. They like to spend their evenings at home and go to bed early. If they have to go out they are looking at the clock and yawning before the evening is half over.

In direct contrast are the B's. They waken slowly, and take time to get under way. They usually breakfast lightly, and not until around noon do they really get going. They are the night owls. Many of them can do their best work at night.

Dr. Zimmerman's researches have led him to the opinion that night owls are not simply lazy or disorganised. He says: "I am convinced that an individual's daily rhythms are not a matter of morals or habit. The patterns show up too early in life."

A person who has been repeatedly sacked for lateness and general dopiness in the morning may change the whole of his or her business prospects by taking a job that enables work to be done in the afternoon and at night. Few of us can set our own timetable where work is concerned, but Dr. Zimmerman's advice is to set the hardest tasks for one's peak periods.

He also suggests a study of one's fellow-workers. A typist who works well in the morning should not be loaded with work late in the afternoon, and a salesman who sells well in the afternoon or on after-work deals should not be given early morning appointments.

"Work with your daily distribution of energy, not against it," advises Dr. Zimmerman. "Fit the time of day to yourself, rather than yourself to the time of day."—Majorie Jenks in "Pocket Book".

**D**EFINITION of a debutante:  
Vogue outside. Vogue inside.

\* \* \*

**A**LEXANDER Woolcott's definition of the difference between drama and melodrama: In drama, the heroine merely throws the villain over. In melodrama, she throws him over a cliff.—Quoted by Walter Winchell.

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# DIFFERENT OPINIONS

SOME persons—including an anonymous correspondent to the "S.M. Herald"—remain under the impression that Amarnath assisted Bradman to complete his 100th century on S.C.G. The reverse is the fact. When the Australian batsman had scored 90, and was stroking cautiously, Amarnath brought on Mankad, whom the Indians believed was their best bet against Bradman.

Amarnath, who had found an impeccable length, kept himself on at the other end. The field was drawn as a net, tightly, around Bradman, True, when the Australian had scored 98, Amarnath tossed the ball to a non-regular bowler—but not before then or before it had become apparent that Bradman could not be denied his objective.

\* \* \*

AMARNATH, of course, had played the game as it should have been played, but any claim that he had played into the hands of Bradman, sportingly, is false.

\* \* \*

AFTER much debate Australia has challenged for the 1948 Davis Cup tennis series and a team, probably of five, will shortly leave for U.S.A., in which zone all Australian matches will be played. The team looks like being Bromwich, Long, Sedgman and Sidwell, with Adrian Quist player-manager. It should be great experience for colts Sedgman and Sidwell and pity of it is there does not appear to be room for Worthington. Geoff Brown, who went last year, is the problem player. He has not improved as was hoped, and some experts claim he should not be persevered with at the cost of the newer up-and-comers.

\* \* \*

## Hitting From First Tea

AN octogenarian of the masculine gender has parted with this piece of folk wisdom: don't give your wife a morning cup of tea in bed when she is young, for it will make her lazy and possessive.

The prudent young husband will do well to think it over. The impulse to give his wife a cup of tea in bed may prove irresistible, but he should think twice before taking a step which may shake the very founda-

tions of his marriage. To stay in bed himself and let his wife bring him a cup of tea may take very great strength of character, but a wise husband must be prepared to make sacrifices.

\* \* \*

## 'Varsity Sport.

THERE is not nearly so much of a to-do about 'Varsity sports in general at Cambridge as there is at Harvard. Members of the Rugger or Cricket or Football teams do not go about with huge C's emblazoned on their pullovers. The various captains are not regarded with open-mouthed wonder, nor do upper class men seize freshmen by the arm and say, in hushed tones, "See that guy over there? That's Lefkowiez—he plays left half on the 'Varsity."

No, there is none of this deep and heartfelt veneration of athletic prowess at Cambridge. It shames me to admit that I do not know the

names of any of the captains of any of our teams, but it is some consolation to realise that I share my ignorance with many, many others.—Edgar W. Hirshberg in "Transatlantic".

\* \* \*

## Alphabetically.

I CANNOT resist passing on this simple little dialect puzzle from a reader. It is supposed to represent a conversation between a shepherd and an old cowman about the new squire.

Shepherd: "I.C.E.B.A.O.B.E."

Cowman: "E.B., B.E.?"

Shepherd: "I, E.B."

Cowman: "Y.B.E.A.O.B.E.?"

Shepherd: "Y.E.B.A.M.P., U.C."

Cowman: "O.I., I.C."

"This translates itself," adds my correspondent. So it does, if you say it aloud.—Northerner II in "Yorkshire Post."

\* \* \*

BORED wife to husband in noisy night club: "Why can't you be like other husbands and never take me any place?"



THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT  
**Klipper Ties**  
 PURE SILK OR PURE WOOL



# ROUNDABOUT *of* SPORT

NOW that the Wallabies have completed their English and French Rugby Union tours it is pleasing to note a successful issue and, financially, a slight profit for the sponsors. The team will now return to Australia via Canada and the United States, where propaganda matches will be played.

In England the Wallabies scored 500 points in all games, against 243 by opponents.

Thirty-five matches were played of which 29 were won and six lost.

By comparison, the 1927-28 Waratahs played 31 games for 24 wins, two draws, and five losses by scoring 432 points to 207.

Arnold Tancred's brigade scored 115 tries, 43 goals and 19 penalty goals. The number of tries is indicative of the penetrative methods employed, and English experts consider that no previous team has pulled so many games "out of the

fire" in the last moments of play.

In all the results will be appreciated by club members who entertained the whole team at a cocktail party just prior to embarkation. Of the scorers Trevor Allen topped the list with 71 points, followed by Tonkin 47, McMaster 46, Piper 40, Walker 37, Eastes 30, Windon 24. The comparative non-success of goal-kicking meant the difference in at least two of the games lost in which easy chances were missed.

\* \* \*

## English Note

**B**OOKMAKERS and backers alike will remember the racing that took place from September 1-6. Ninety-one races were decided and 56 of them won by the favourite; there were 33 odds-on winners. In all there were 46 odds-on chances during this period.

\* \* \*

**S**YMPATHIES are extended to our visiting Indian cricketers under the management of Mr. Gupta. Ever since the team landed in Perth to open the tour they have been fraught with misfortune culminating with the death of Mahatma Gandhi. There were serious doubts whether or not the Fifth Test Match would be played, and Mr. Gupta cabled his Board of Control for advice as to whether or not the balance of the tour should be abandoned.

La La Amarnath, captain of the visitors, will long be remembered as the man who could not win the toss against Don Bradman and, as a result, was forced to bat under deteriorated conditions.

Despite that, the Indians showed us a new and attractive brand of cricket, and had good fortune gone their way, even 50-50, results financially and on the playing fields may have been vastly improved. Sportsmen to finger tips.

\* \* \*

## Empire Billiards

**I**NDIA hopes to stage the first post-war British Empire amateur billiards championship next year. This was last held in Melbourne in 1938 and won by R. Marshall, the brilliant Australian. It is now India's turn.

Marshall still plays and might defend, but the chief stumbling block is the question whether Britain can

send a representative — obviously, the reigning champion of the coming season. Expense is the big problem for the Billiards Association.

Queer things are always happening at snooker. At the Sheepscar W. M. Club, Leeds, yellow and green were jammed in a baulk pocket, yellow being the ball on.

Striker potted the yellow and the cue-ball sprang on to the cushion and stayed there. Striker claimed he could have played the green from that position, and A. Mellor, games secretary, asks "What is the ruling?" It was a foul stroke.

The yellow should be respotted and the striker plays from hand. Had the cue-ball rolled back from the cushion on to the table the stroke would have been fair.

\* \* \*

**A** MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, being interviewed about his self-made fortune, commented: "I never hesitate to give full credit to my wife for her assistance."

"In what way did she help?" the reporter asked.

"Well, if you want the whole truth," replied the wealthy man, "I was curious to find out if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."

\* \* \*

**O**UTSTANDING performances by

Australian athletes John Treloar, Morris Curotta and John Bartram have brought world-wide attention on Australia's Olympic prospects. Treloar is our brightest prospect and has returned 9.6 on no less than eight occasions for 100 yds. efforts.

Curotta ran 440 yds. in 48 sec. dead, while both Bartram and Treloar enjoyed victories over visiting Jamaican Herb McKenley, who is acknowledged as ranking with the fastest amateur sprinters ever.

It must be said for McKenley, however, that the short visit did not permit him to properly attune himself for contests in Sydney and Melbourne but, good sportsman he is, he declared he had no alibis and, on the contrary, that he was amazed with the quality of our stars.



**W**IND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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**P**ROVIDED McKenley can make suitable arrangements with one or other of U.S.A. universities, 18-year-old Curotta will journey forth to study dentistry—and his running. McKenley is emphatic the Sydney lad will be granted financial assistance to see him through his studies and living expenses. That will not infringe his amateur status abroad although eyebrows would pucker up under the existing Australian ruling were the same thing attempted here.

\* \* \*

**S**PEEDWAY racing (an Australian invention) has proved a marvelous money-spinner for star contestants. Australians Frank Arthur and Vic Huxley are reliably reputed to have garnered £50,000 apiece before hanging up their bikes. As evidence of the big money in the game these days the case of Alec Statham, at present racing in Sydney, is sufficient. That rider will transfer from Odsal Club to Wimbledon at a fee of £2,000. The risks in this sport are numerous and serious of nature, but the emoluments are such that a never-ending stream of entrants are ready for promoters.

**D**IRECTLY above the letter slots in a U.S. post office are placards with: "Have you mailed your wife's letter?"

## MARSHALL BROS.

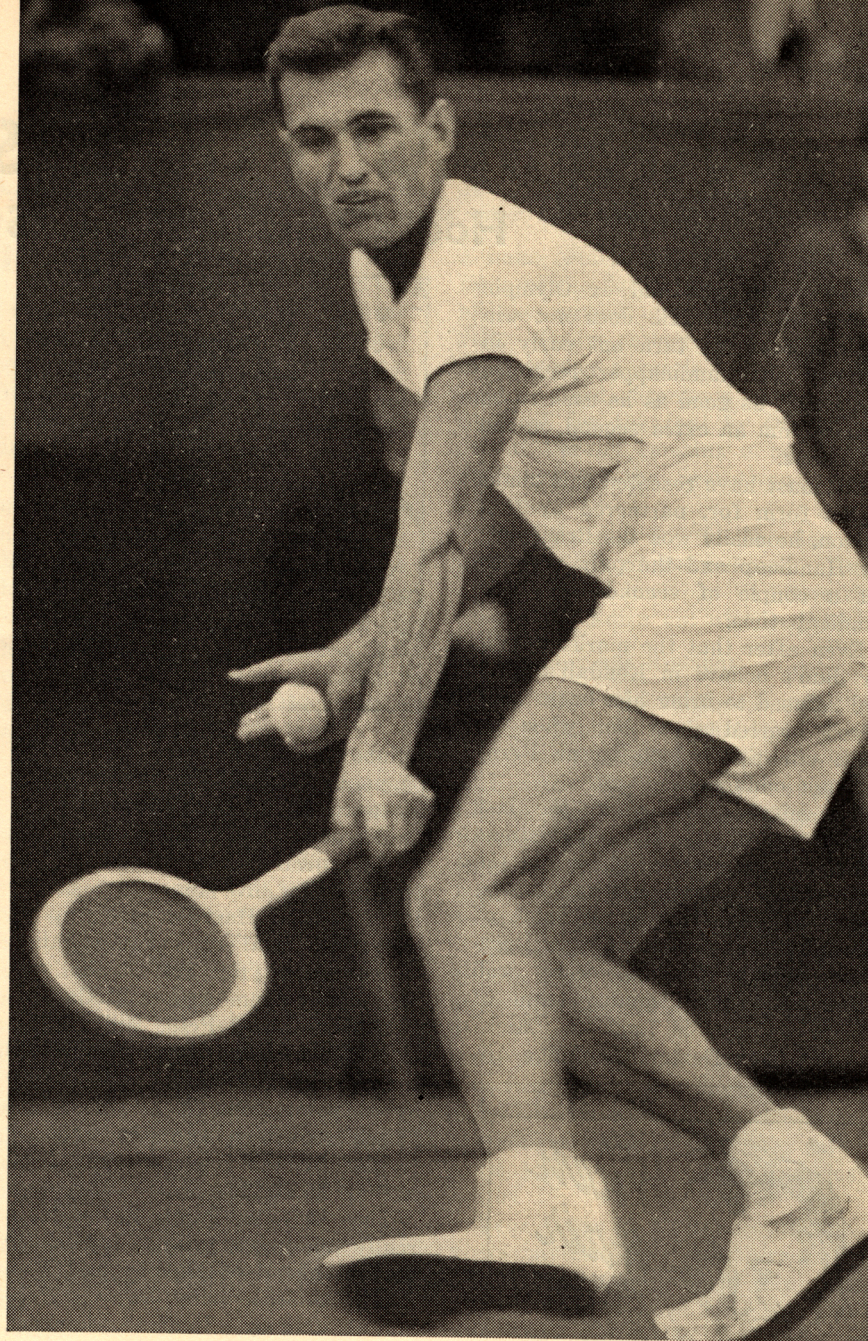
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*American champion tennis colt Jimmy Brink has just left Australia after an extended tour. He was defeated in the final of the N.S.W. title event by our club member, Adrian Quist. Scores were (Quist first) 6-4; 6-2; 2-6; 4-6; 6-3.*

**I**F only potatoes had formed part of Shakespeare's diet, we might have had works greater even than "The Tempest." — Letter in "The Daily Telegraph," London.

\* \* \*

**T**O be a reactionary is to be normal. — "Truth," London.

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# SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

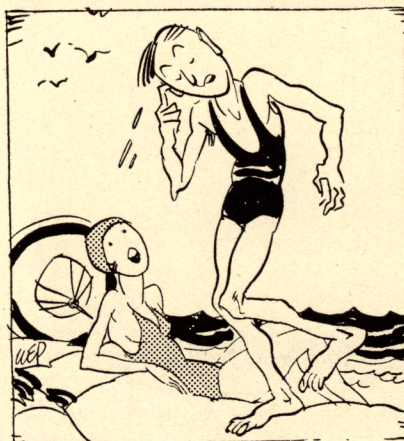
## Hoole and Murphy Star

CLUB Champion and ex Olympic star, Bill Kendall, does not win races out of his turn but early in January the handicapper reckoned Bill wasn't as good as he used to be so gave him an extra second on the handicaps.

Bill must have resented this slight to his form for, partnered by Don Wilson, he easily won the Brace Relay Handicap and the pair of them cut a couple of seconds off their handicap time.

Even after that the marks adjuster didn't believe in Kendall's form and refused to bring him back. Bill hasn't started since but when he does, our tip is he'll be at Bernborough odds on.

We missed relating in the last magazine that the Christmas Scramble was a great show and the main event, a five men teams handicap, resulted in the usual finish of inches between the five teams. Business and professions were well mixed up in the winning team of George Goldie, Sid Lorking, "Mick" Murphy, Jack Dexter and Judge Alf.



Rainbow, who collected the champagne, ham and whisky presented for the occasion by Don Wilson, George Goldie and the Swimming Club.

The turning test, a Consolation Handicap of five times across the Pool, showed Harry English up as a worthy rival of our Australian champions at the art for he won very easily from Arthur McCamley, Pete Hunter and Peter Hill.

Consistent Clive Hoole just landed the November-December Point Score by a point from E. Webber and "Mick" Murphy won the January trophy by the same margin from Arthur McCamley.

The 1947-48 Point Score is a really close go with Clive Hoole a point ahead of Murphy and Pete Hunter another point away. Webber, McCamley, Shaffran, Lorking, English and Murray are close up and will keep the first three hopping.

By the way, the trophies for the year's Point Score have been presented by Bill Kirwan, one of the Club's best supporters who also presented the trophies last season. In honour of the donor the valuable prizes will be known as the "Native Son" trophies and they are well worth winning.

Amongst new members are the Gunton brothers, sons of our handicapper, Sverre Kaaten, of ski fame, and Bruce Chiene, son of committeeman, George. Bruce collected a heat win first up in such grand style that the handicapper dropped him a second at once.

One thing we've noticed at the

pool recently is that the cheek starter is making it hot on swimmers who beat the pistol and many have been "outed" in the last few races. Watch it, boys!

Results:—40 Yards Handicap, 9th December:—A. McCamley (30) 1, C. Hoole (24) 2, J. Shaffron (24) 3. Time 27-4/5 secs.

120 Yards Teams Handicap, 16th December:—K. Hunter, P. Lindsay and V. Richards (68) 1; D. Wilson, T. H. English and A. Webber (79) 2; S. Lorking, P. Hill and C. Hoole 3. Time 66 secs.

Christmas Scramble, Teams of Five, 18th December:—G. Goldie, S. Lorking, N. P. Murphy, J. Dexter and A. E. Rainbow, 1.

Christmas Consolation Handicap, 5 Times Across:—T. H. English 1, A. McCamley 2, K. Hunter 3, P. Hill 4.

40 Yards Handicap, 6th January:—N. P. Murphy (26) 1, C. Hoole (23) 2, C. Chatterton (24) 3. Time 25-2/5 secs.



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80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 13th January:—W. Kendall and D. Wilson (46) 1, A. McCamley and N. P. Murphy (53) 2, J. Shaffran and K. Hunter (47) 3. Time 44 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 20th January: A. McCamley (28) 1, P. Hill (23) 2, S. Lorking (22) 3. Time 26 4/5 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 27th Jan.:—T. H. English and V. Richards (48) 1, P. Hill and B. Chiene (45) 2, N. Barrell and S. Murray (49) 3. Time 46 4/5 secs.

November-December Point Score: C. Hoole 24, 1; A. Webber 23, 2; K. Hunter and T. H. English 20, 3; N. P. Murphy 16, 5; V. Richards 15½, 6; J. Shaffran and A. McCamley 15, 7; P. Lindsay 14, 9; S. Lorking, 13, 10.

January Point Score: N. P. Murphy 23, 1; A. McCamley 22, 2; S. Lorking 18, 3; S. Murray 17, 4; C. Hoole 16, 5; K. Hunter 15, 6; P. Hill 14, 7; G. Carr 13, 8; G. Goldie, A. Webber and C. Chatterton 12, 9.

1947-48 Season Point Score: Leaders are:—C. Hoole 56, N. P. Murphy 55, K. Hunter 54, A. Webber 50, A. McCamley 49, J. Shaffran 48, S. Lorking and T. H. English 45, S. Murray 44, C. Chatterton 39, P. Lindsay 38, G. Carr 32½, D. Wilson 31, V. Richards 29½, P. Hill 29, H. E. Davis 27, W. Kendall 26, S. B. Solomon 24.

### End of King Willow?

**W**HILE cutting firewood, Mr. T. G. Murphy, of Hobart, Australia, suddenly noticed how much more difficult it was to cut three-ply wood than ordinary timber.

As the result of further thought and experiment, he has invented an unbreakable cricket bat made from thirty-two thicknesses of laminated Queensland hoop pine three-ply. He has patented the idea, and plans to manufacture the bats himself.

Till now, the only satisfactory cricket bats have been made of willow, but inventor Murphy says he has a secret method of processing his laminated bats to give them the springiness of willow. He claims the new bat is unaffected by blows from a four-lb. hammer, and is undamaged by humidity or temperature changes.

**H**ITLER and I are both old paper-hangers, but we have little else in common.—W. Margrie, the "Sage of Camberwell."

# The Naming of Horses

A few issues back we published an article on the naming of racehorses. Bernard McElwaine, famous English sports writer, now gives his views:

**T**O every parent comes the problem of what to call the child. But in the end it's simple, because it doesn't really matter if there are scores of other Alberts or Violets. Besides, the problem only crops up a few times in most parents' lifetime.

To the Turf world, however, the problem of names is an ever-recurring headache. From February through July foals are coming into the world and they must be named.

At Wetherby's—the Registrars of the Turf—every birth is noted, the foal's name registered at a nominal fee of 2/6—and there the matter would appear to end.

### Not So Easy

Yet it isn't easy to choose a name for a racehorse. The whole perplexing question of "what shall we call it?" is hedged round with difficulties. For example, Wetherby's may decide that the name submitted is "unsuitable". You can't use a biblical name, for instance, because it would offend the religious susceptibilities of many people.

Then, too, you can't take the name of a famous classic winner. Therefore, no foal struts about the paddock with undeserved lustre from a distinguished winner.

Neither can you borrow the name used by a prominent mare. Without this prohibition there would be high confusion about whose children were whose.

There are about 40,000 names in the current book at Wetherby's, which places a considerable strain on the ingenuity of owners. Some horses live on and on, and until they pass away the name they bear is out of circulation.

To call the foal after a famous person seems, at first glance, the easy way out. But if that famous person is alive the owner must get his permission. Few people would care to lend their name to a horse who might never win a race. And who can tell, when a horse is a yearling, how it will turn out in races against the best in the country?

In the best traditions of the Turf the thoughtful owner tries to select

a name which will give an indication of the foal's parentage. Some of the names chosen are delightfully allusive, others, in this tradition, display a gentle sense of punning. Lord Stanley's choice of Quashed for the foal by Obliterate out of Verdict remains a perpetual challenge to the inventiveness of owners.

Then there is Dip In The Sea by Diplomat out of Seasickness. Another good example is Lover's Quarrel by Adieu out of Cloudburst.

### Apt Allusion

One sees the influence of the hunting field in the choice of Lost Scent for the foal by Obliterate out of Beagle. We can see the suggestion of the Army in Half Tight by Boozer's Gloom out of Officers' Mess, but this name lacks the impish humour of Snowbound ATS by Tommy Atkins out of Sledge.

There is a graceful blending of title in Mr. Grant's choice of Shining Penny for the Cesarewitch fancy by Penny Royal out of Varnish. The union of Faroe with the mare Cold Comfort gives us another aptly-named animal—Bleak Isle. There are other clever examples but they suffer from too much innuendo and just get by.

Year after year owners turn to poets, mythology, current events, to every department which may yield a name. They must envy their Indian colleagues who can turn up with names new, strange and unpronounceable.

There are cases of the naming problem being reversed when the racing minded parent has called a son after a classic winner and the year 1885 found many lads named Melton after the Derby winner. One of them, appropriately enough, is the well known Doncaster trainer, Mr. Melton Vasey.

The nameless youngsters must bear a title before they go to the post. It must be a good name because they say a good horse seldom bears a bad name. Although it only costs 2/6 to register the name the fee is £5/2/6 to change it afterwards.—"News Chronicle."



# No Lotka Formula

SOME biologists think that the human species is doomed because of the over-specialisation of the brain. Dr. Alfred J. Lotka, an internationally known authority on population, holds that the human species is sick in the sense that any species is sick when "it is afflicted with an assortment of propensities that impede it in the struggle for survival."

According to some biologists, species evolve in a definite direction not because survival lies in that direction but because of some inherent tendency. This is called "orthogenesis". The dinosaur is an example. He could not stop growing bigger and bigger. His extinction came when he was too unwieldy to survive. This kind of evolution can proceed, according to Lotka, with "nothing short of explosive suddenness." And the human species seems to be exploding in this fashion. Why? Because of Man's curiosity.

Curiosity, to Lotka, is the basis of scientific inquiry. But he holds

that there was "no conscious intent to make so-called useful applications of the knowledge gained." Man certainly never intended to play Samson and bring the temple down upon his head. He is a typical case of orthogenesis—evolution independent of utility or result.

In spite of an accumulation of knowledge and skills to achieve social and individual purposes, Lotka thinks that "Man has failed, and failed very badly, to organise these purposes for their survival value." Human evolution has therefore been lopsided, as the fossils are trying to tell us.

What must we do to save ourselves from extinction? We can devise efficient social policies and overcome resistance to their adoption. But Lotka has no formula for avoiding the catastrophe which, in his opinion, is bound to follow our evolutionary rush toward doom.—Condensed from "The New York Times."

## IT'S A TOSS-UP

MOST amateur gamblers have little knowledge of probability. And a good deal of what they think they know is wrong. Take, for example, the theory of the maturity of the chances, which tells you to bet on tails when heads has come up eight or ten times running.

Now the average citizen will tell you that in tossing a coin it is extremely improbable that heads will come up ten times running (which is true), and that, therefore, it is almost a sure thing to bet on tails (which is false). Actually, the chances of heads showing up on any toss of a coin are one in two, no matter what the coin has done on the previous tosses.

As the French mathematician J. L. F. Bertrand said, "A coin has no memory."—George Mann in "Esquire."

\* \* \*

DISCOVERY occurs when any land is first visited by a white man, preferably an Englishman.—Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

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# Veteran to Stage Comeback

Winning a race after long absence from the track is no mean effort. It is rarely achieved, but when such does happen it is a real triumph for the trainer. Few mentors will bother with a horse which, to all intents and purposes, has finished with the turf.

**C**OUNSEL, one of the best known Australian gallopers in recent years, is set for Hobart's £1,100 Cup to be run over a mile and a half on February 25.

The veteran was a grand stayer in his prime, but he hasn't figured in a race since winning Williams-town Victory Cup, 13 furlongs, on November 17, 1945. In that he defeated Gay Lad and Peter, who incidentally is also set for Hobart Cup and who raced on Sydney and N.S.W. country tracks before going to Hobart.

Counsel also won at his previous start, V.R.C. Handicap, 1½ miles, on final day of 1945 spring fixture. He beat Silver Link (now in New Zealand) and Logical. The old 'un's best win was in 1944 Caulfield Cup. He was then an aged horse, which will make his return to the racecourse, if achieved, all the more remarkable. In that Cup he carried 8.12, was ridden by A. Breasley and beat Lawrence and Huntingdale.

Earlier this month it was announced from Hobart that Counsel was doing so well and fairly jumping "out of his skin", that it had been agreed to give him another chance at racing. Naturally he was more than a bit "gross" after so long an absence from the race track, but he was moving along slowly at Carrick (Tas.) establishment where the Grant-Hay horses are trained privately by F. Treloar.

It will be a tribute to Counsel's trainer if he can get him to the post for the Hobart Cup and something to ponder over should the old fellow prove too solid for younger opponents. He has been handicapped on 9.11.

Constable, who was trained in Sydney until a few months ago and has since won at Caulfield, is among nominations for Hobart's big carnival which extends from February 21 till March 1 inclusive.

Tasmanian Racing Club has received record nominations for the big meeting, total of 560 being above previous best.

## How to Beat a Vice

**I** HAVE always had a deep sympathy for those afflicted with the tobacco habit. That is, I've always had it during the last nine days since I gave up the filthy weed myself. And with my head cleared of fumes and my blood of nicotine poison, I've been able to give some lucid thought to this problem.

I've calculated that the average cigarette smoker spends £43 a year on his vice—enough to buy some 45 good books, or a couple of suits, or a comfortable chair, or a nice holiday. All of these go up in smoke.

Calculating still further with my new clarity of mind, I discover that in 30 years the average smoker spends £1,270. In other words, if I had sworn off 30 years ago I would now have the price of a high-class automobile, or a trip abroad, or the first payment on a house.

I have heard the economic problems of our time explained in many different ways, but their real cause has been totally overlooked. If there were no tobacco, the average family

# Racing Fixtures

## FEBRUARY.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park) ....	SAT. 14
S.T.C. (Moorefield) ....	SAT. 21
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	SAT. 28

## MARCH.

S.T.C. (Rosehill) ....	SAT. 6
S.T.C. (Rosehill) ....	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	SAT. 20
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) ....	SAT. 27
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) ....	MON. 29
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) ....	WED.-31

## APRIL.

A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) ....	SAT. 3
City Tattersall's Club ....	SAT. 10
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park) ....	SAT. 17
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park) ....	SAT. 24
Australian Jockey Club ....	MON. 26

## MAY.

S.T.C. (Rosehill) ....	SAT. 1
Tattersall's Club ....	SAT. 8

(since both men and women are slaves to the weed) would have something over £7 a month more to spend on groceries, rent or furniture. Our whole living standard would improve.

In short, after nine days of reformation I can see that our civilisation is not dying of poverty or war, but of tobacco. It is smoking itself to death. How can we possibly see the solution of our large problems when our eyes are blinded with smoke?

As I say, it is nine days since I first grasped these truths. Apart from the fact that I have felt sick the whole time, have been unable to work, have been unfit to live with, have lost the affections of my family, insulted my friends and hoped on rising every morning that I would die before night—apart from that, these have been the happiest days of my life.

I am free at last, and as I swore off for one month, I still have 21 days of freedom left before I am plunged back into slavery again. I am counting those days.

—Bruce Hutchinson, in "Winnipeg Free Press."

**M**OTHER, snatching up toddler who has just smashed a lamp: "That settles it! You're going to be an only child!"

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FRIDAY, 2nd APRIL, and MONDAY, 5th APRIL, 1948.**

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## **ANNUAL EASTER SALE OF BROOD MARES**

**TUESDAY, 6th APRIL, 1948**

Particulars have already been received of a number of HIGHLY-BRED BROOD MARES, some with foals at foot, by well-known sires and served again.

*Further entries invited.*

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## **STALLIONS, UNTRIED STOCK AND RACEHORSES IN TRAINING**

**WEDNESDAY, 7th APRIL, 1948**

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